

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1902.

NUMBER 43

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## A GENERAL ALARM.

But one idea could find lodgment in my brain—Nellie had refused me. I don't know how the party broke up or the guests got out of the house, for while it was happening I was walking round and round the big table in the library of her father's residence saying softly to myself that Nellie had refused me.

Her brother Tom came into the library just as I was beginning my third mile around the table.

"Hello, old man!" said he. "What are you doing in here?"

I simply stared at him. "You look all played out," he continued, "and I don't wonder. Leading a cotillion is no picnic, and you worked like the Old Harry in a gale of wind to-night. None of that in mine, thank you. I can't stand the responsibility. And, by the way, what's the matter between you and Nell?"

"Why?" I asked stupidly. "Well, I noticed you didn't dance with her much," he replied. "You were with Grace Curtis most of the time."

"Did you think so? I didn't notice. I was more or less rattled to-night."

"Better go to bed," said he. "You'll be all right in the morning." "I think I'll go back to the city," said I.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "Your room's all ready for you. Come along. Don't even bother to say good night to the people. I'll fix it all up for you."

He took me by the arm and led me upstairs. I was in a trance. We passed his father and mother and his aunt in the hall, and I can't remember that I said a word to them. Probably they thought I had been counteracting the fatigues of the cotillion by too liberal recourse to the sideboard.

Tom led me into my room, cast a glance around to assure himself that all was right and then walked to the door.

"Good night, Jack," said he. I opened my mouth to say good night, but what I really said was, "Nellie refused me." However, he had closed the door and did not hear me.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and held my head in my hands. Beyond a doubt I was hard hit. If I had not been so sure of her, if I had been able to understand why this catastrophe had come, I would have had a clearer mind. As it was I was utterly confused. I could not even remember what she had said to me. I retained only a general impression of a sudden impulse on my part when I had found her alone in the library and of a great sense of defeat following upon a reckless, delightful exaltation of spirit.

Out of this confusion a single rational idea was at last evolved. It was the conviction that I could not possibly meet her on the following morning. I must flee.

It was too late to catch a regular train back to the city, but I could get a milk train about 3 o'clock and bribe the conductor to let me ride. I had done it two or three times before when I had been at the Renhams, playing cards with Tom and his friends.

It would be necessary to explain this departure, and so I sat down and wrote a wild, grotesque lie to Tom about an early engagement in town. I put the note into my pocket, intending to push it under the door of Tom's room, and my mental condition will be understood when I state that I then removed my evening clothes and packed them, with the note, into my "grip."

I put on a business suit which I had brought for use the next day and sat down to wait until it should be certain that all the servants had gone to bed. About 2 o'clock I went out to reconnoiter. The house was absolutely quiet. With my dress suit case in my hand I stole along the hall, passing the door of Nellie's room with a strange feeling as if she had gone away, almost as if she lay dead within.

Beyond Nellie's was the chamber where Tom had slept for so many years, where he and I as boys had struggled to keep awake on the nights before the Fourth of July that we might begin that celebration of the nation's birthday precisely on the stroke of 12. Tom was the

best friend I had in the world, and I believed most heartily that he would feel almost as bad as I did when he came to know that Nellie and I had made an end of our love story in the first chapter.

The door of that room was ajar, and I might have tossed my note in, but I had forgotten all about it. I went on and down the broad staircase, which creaked for the first time in my long experience with it and seemed to wake alarming echoes in all parts of the house. I remembered that the front door creaked upon its hinges and also that it was secured by a cumbersome lock that would not fasten itself behind me.

I resolved, therefore, to go out by a side door which had a spring lock. This exit was from what might be called the basement of the house, and to reach it I must descend another flight of stairs. At the foot I found a locked door, but the key was in the lock. I tried to turn it and in my nervousness let it fall to the floor, and it jumped into a corner where I could not find it.

I felt like a burglar who had mistaken his vocation, and this thought reminded me with startling suddenness that the house was protected by a burglar alarm. It is amazing that I should not have thought of this before. The big gong over the door in Tom's room had long been familiar to my eyes, though I had never taken the trouble to learn just how the doors and windows of the house were connected with it by the electric wires.

I knew in a general way that every door and window had its wire and that the whole system was controlled by a switchboard in Tom's room. Every night the trap was set at least for the lower parts of the house, and I was on the point being caught in it.

Two courses were possible. I might try a drop from an upper window, trusting that the alarm was set only for the lower floors, or I might steal into Tom's room and turn off the current upon the switchboard. I chose the latter alternative.

It was more burglarious climbing the stairs than descending. My hands and even my knees began to shake with nervousness, and for a few minutes the interest of the adventure relieved my mind of the burden of my grief. I forgot Nellie in the excitement of running away from her.

Tom's room was unilluminated save for a gleam from the hall and a glow from a window where a curtain was flapping in the wind of the night. It happened, however, that the ray from the crack of the door fell directly upon the switchboard. This was fortunate, but I would have liked a little light on the bed so that I might make sure that Tom was asleep.

The sound of heavy breathing was reassuring, and I stepped softly into the room. When I had crossed to the switchboard, I set down my dress suit case and then nearly fell over it with a noise that was augmented by the rolling of a big chair which I grasped to steady myself.

For a few seconds I crouched upon the floor, listening, but there was no sign that all this disturbance had reached the ears of the sleeper.

Presently I stood up and examined the switchboard. There were many switches and all pointed downward except one which was at the end of the line. I judged from this that the current was "on" for only the lower floor of the house, and so, with confidence, I turned the switch.

If the last trump of doom is as loud as the noise which ensued, I shall be too much scared to answer it. That gong sent forth a sound that would have deafened a boiler maker.

The sleeper wakened and yelled, but the voice was not Tom's. It was that of his aunt, Miss Agatha Renham, a maiden lady from way down east who was a guest in the house. Tom's room had been assigned to her, and Tom had been transferred to a less luxurious apartment on the floor above.

Panic seized me at the sound of Aunt Agatha's trumpeting. I forgot that there was any such thing as an excuse for me. I gave myself up for lost. Prompted by an insane impulse, I sprang into a closet, the door of which stood ajar, with-

in easy reach. Once within, I clung frantically to the door knob, while the sweat of agony drenched my forehead.

Aunt Agatha screamed but once. She was a woman of magnificent nerve, and it was only the sudden and unusual awakening that alarmed her. But the gong seemed to be wound up for all night, and its brazen voice shook the house.

Despite the gong and the fact that I was shut up in a closet I could hear an increasing outcry. I heard Nellie in the room behind me beseeching some one to tell her what was the matter. After an interval her father's deep and dignified voice came rumbling through the partition. He seemed to be reassuring his child by informing her that nothing was the matter except a few burglars. The next intelligible sound came from Aunt Agatha.

"Tom," she screamed, "don't you dare to bring that gun into this room! I'm more afraid of it than of forty burglars."

So it seemed that Tom had appeared upon the scene armed with his Winchester. I heard him shouting my name at the door of my room. Immediately he was back again at Aunt Agatha's door.

"By jingo, this is queer!" he called. "What do you suppose has become of Jack?"

"Isn't he in his room?" demanded the elder Renham, and his voice was so close that I shivered. Evidently he was at the board trying the switches to see where the alarm originated.

"Never mind the gong, father!" cried Tom. "The burglar's downstairs. That's where he is. And I'll bet a hundred that Jack's already down there looking for him."

"For heaven's sake, be careful, Tom!" called his father. "Don't shoot Jack by mistake or let him shoot you!"

"Don't fire at all, Tom!" This in Nellie's voice. "If you think it's a burglar, just tell him to go away. Ask him if he's Jack. Be sure, Tom! Do not shoot till you've asked him if he is Jack!"

These somewhat incoherent remarks seemed to be flung at Tom, who, I judged, must be upon the main stairway. The gong had stopped ringing, and I could hear more plainly.

"You stay with me, Nellie," I heard Aunt Agatha say. There was a pause, and then she called from her door to Mr. Renham, who seemed to be standing at the head of the stairs holding communion with his son below.

"George, what does Tom say?" "He says the door into the basement hall is locked and the key's gone, probably on the other side," responded Renham. "He's afraid Jack chased the burglar down there and the burglar looked the door."

A long and wild cry from Nellie greeted this alarming statement.

"Oh, Aunt Agatha," she wailed, "the burglar has got Jack locked down in the basement, and he's killing him!"

There was the sound of a struggle and of Aunt Agatha's voice commanding Nellie not to go somewhere, undoubtedly to my rescue. "Let me go!" screamed the girl. "I love him. This is my punishment, my just punishment. I told him I didn't love him to-night because I was jealous of Grace Curtis, and now he's dead and will never know."

These words came to me with such overwhelming force that I forgot everything else, and I came out of that closet as though propelled by a spring. Nellie had escaped from her aunt, who was pursuing her along the hall, and the room was empty. When I reached the hall, the two women were on the stairs. I could see only the backs of two servants who were hanging over the banister rail.

Joy had restored my wits to me, and I could recognize an opportunity. I dodged back into the room and got my dress suit case which I thrust into my own apartment without being observed. Then I walked calmly down the hall to the head of the stairs.

The servants saw me and yelled at the tops of their voices: "Mr. Alden's up here! He's safe! He isn't murdered!"

The next instant Nellie came fly-

ing upstairs and ran straight into my arms. Neither of us found it necessary to say a word.

"Why, confound it, Jack, where were you?" yelled Tom from below. "I looked into your room."

"I was hunting for the burglar," I responded calmly.

"That's what we're all doing," he replied. And we continued to do it for a large part of the night, but we didn't get a clew. The affair is wrapped in mystery to this day. Not even Nellie knows.—Everett Holbrook.

## These Women Have Queer Friendship.

MRS. McCAMBRIDGE A DEAF-MUTE, ENTERTAINS "BLIND MATTIE," WHO HAS BUT ONE SENSE.

A remarkable household is that to be found at 81 Wilsey Street, where Mrs. McCambridge, who is deaf and dumb, is entertaining for a few days "Blind Mattie" Moorehouse, who, with only the sense of feeling left of all that Nature gave her, is living her life without benefit of sight or hearing or taste or smell. The two women, both in the prime of their young womanhood, are shut out from much that makes life dear to thousands of others, yet they are making the most of what they have, and rarely are there any complaints to be heard.

In spite of Mrs. McCambridge's affliction, her life is abundantly rich and full as compared with Mattie's. Yet the blind girl laughs and chats in her way with those who count themselves her friends and the sunshine and the happiness make life bearable. For six years Mattie was an inmate of the almshouse in Newark, but a little over a year ago was admitted to the Institution for the Blind in Jersey City and is now an inmate of that home. She and Mrs. McCambridge have been friends for some time, and the happiest incidents in Mattie's life are visits to the latter's pretty home on Wilsey Street.

## HAPPY AND CONTENTED.

Mrs. McCambridge is a wonderful woman in many ways. She is more contented than many who have all their senses. Her lips are always smiling and her hands are never idle. She has a great number of friends who, from the loss of one or more of the senses, are cut off from the outside world, and she spends many an hour copying letters in characters that the blind may read. Curiously enough, this woman, who can neither hear nor speak, reads to her blind friends the books and the newspapers. As she goes over the printed page she translates it into a style of "finger talk" devised for the blind.

The McCambridge home is dainty, pretty, cozy and comfortable, and the pictures and the ornaments and the furniture show taste. Mrs. McCambridge's face is bright and animated, and in her eyes is a wonderful power of expression and comprehension. Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue and her complexion is fresh and clear.

"I wish I had six hands," she wrote the other day when a *Sunday News* reporter "talked" with her. "I am so busy all the time."

## A FRIEND OF HELEN KELLER.

Among Mrs. McCambridge's friends is Helen Keller, and one of the Newark woman's kindly deeds was translating the proofs of the girl's autobiography into Braille, so that Miss Keller could read them herself.

Mrs. McCambridge has been deaf ever since she was a year old, and declares that she would be very nervous should her hearing return to her. Looking at her face one wonders if, indeed, she feels that she is afflicted. She is unquestionably happy, and at least twelve blind friends bless her for her tireless care and thought of them. She has been married for twelve years, and her husband also is deaf. She has many interests, among them amateur photography. She has two cameras, and takes a great deal of pleasure in them. She has filled a large book with the pictures taken of her husband, her neighbors, herself and her dogs, of which she has five.

Mrs. McCambridge is very fond of animals and makes her dogs

understand her perfectly. She is fond of reading and understands four languages for the blind—the English Braille, the American Braille, the New York Point and the Moon types.

## "BLIND MATTIE'S" VERSATILITY.

Mattie's story is not a new one. Not only is she deprived of those things which Nature has given almost everybody else, but she is left all alone in the world and dependent upon the kindness of those who know her. For six years she lived in the almshouse in this city, and in that time became known to many people here. She wins friends wherever she goes. Her sense of touch is marvelous, and is to her all the rest together. She believes that she can distinguish colors by the sense of touch, and has seemingly passed some remarkable tests in this direction. She will feel of the sleeve of a friend's dress, for instance, fingering it for a long time, and will then name the color which she supposes it to be. She is rarely ever mistaken. Although she cannot hear nor see, she can in some way perceive the fact that a wagon is passing the house, and knows when music is being played in the room in which she is.

Mattie is bright and quick to understand. She knows nine languages for the blind and her clever fingers do work so beautiful that strangers stop to admire it. The making of the daintiest of baby saucers and boots, beadwork and cane seats for chairs are among her accomplishments, and she contrives to make her own clothes, to keep up her correspondence, to clean her own room at the home, and to do her own washing and ironing. Curiously enough, Mattie can talk. Being unable to hear what she says, and to govern the tones, her utterances sound unnatural, but she is easily understood.

One of Mrs. McCambridge's guests last week was Charles Jobert, of this city. Mr. Jobert is blind, and the three made up a strange party as they sat conversing in the only methods that were possible to them and laughing at an occasional joke. Mr. Jobert and Miss Moorehouse were sightless, the latter and Mrs. McCambridge were deaf and Mrs. McCambridge was mute. In spite of these difficulties there was a rapid exchange of ideas and all three seemed to be enjoying themselves.—*Newark Sunday News*.

## HOLES IN THE AIR.

Some very terrible accidents may be expected to befall arial navigators should airships become sufficiently perfected to make progress this species of travel at all common, owing to the fact, well known to all aeronauts, that there exists in the earth's atmosphere at certain places and under certain conditions veritable holes or pits of vast depth. An airship sailing unwittingly into one of these arial craters would sink with far more certainty and far greater swiftness than would a laden ship of the same size and shape in an ocean of water.

Accidents of this nature have actually happened to aeronauts in the past, but of course the ordinary balloon is not nearly so much affected by the sudden descent as an airship would be. Nevertheless, an experience of this kind is sufficiently disconcerting even to the stoniest hearts and strongest nerves.

M. Tissondier, ballooning with two friends above the town of Vincennes, some years ago, happened on one of these invisible air holes, which proved to be over a mile in depth, the balloon falling that distance with such incredible rapidity that the earth appeared to be rushing up to meet them with the speed of an express train, and the bags of ballast thrown out by the alarmed travelers fell not downward, as might have been expected, but upward. Luckily a denser stratum of air, answering to the bottom of the pit in question, was encountered when they were a few hundred feet from the ground; and the downward rush of the balloon was checked as if by contact with a pneumatic cushion.—*Selected*.

Even at the equator the average temperature of the sea at the depth of a mile is but 4 degrees above freezing point.

## WEST VIRGINIA.

[News items for this department are desired to be sent to John C. Bremer, 3323 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.]

The *West Virginia Tablet*, October 11, reported the following:

For several days the dark shadow of Azazel's wing has been hovering over the institution, and Tuesday morning, between six and seven o'clock, the soul of Effie Brannon took its flight to God.

Effie was one of our oldest deaf girls, being in her twenty-first year and had attended school continuously for the last eight years.

She was of a bright and happy disposition, a good student, and a girl whose kindness of heart, and sympathetic nature made themselves manifest in her daily intercourse with schoolmates, teachers, and officers.

When she grew dangerously ill her parents were notified and her father came several days before her death and was with her constantly until the end.

The home of her family at Camden On Gauley being only temporary it was decided to bury her at Romney, where there are several of the pupils of the school already buried; and in the calm beauty of an October evening we laid her to rest, but we do not think of Effie as being there, but as a spirit at last released from perpetual silence joining in songs of praise before the Redeemer.

Some of the schoolmates of the deceased, are greatly pained to hear about it.

Mr. William C. Seamon took part in the birthday party in honor of his aged father, at their home on 29th Street near Caldwell's Run, last Saturday night. The next morning William started off on an excursion to Zanesville, Ohio, and stayed with his mute friends till the evening. Again William left last Wednesday, for Parkersburg and Marietta, Ohio, to visit his relatives, who had so long looked for him. From these towns, he then forwarded to-day for Zanesville, Ohio, but will be back home to-morrow night.

Claude Pannel, a new deaf pupil, was taken, last week, from the Romney School to Huntington.

Information reached us yesterday that Mr. Frank E. Philpott, of Morgantown, has decided to reside in Chicago, Ill., permanently. Wish him success.

Miss Emma Shaffer attends a confirmation class at a Catholic school every Tuesday on Friday. She reported this week that her family may move to Steubenville, O., some time, as her father, as a carpenter, is busier there, on account of the city's fast growth.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sawhill and children, of Taylorstown, Pa., were in this city, October 4th, for shopping.

Misses Lucy K. McAdams, Ada Anderson and Emma Bartlett, of Mannington, were invited to attend the wedding of Miss Gracie Albright, of Arcanum, O., and Mr. Frank Jones, of Columbus, O., on October 16th, but regretted being unable to go. Their best wishes follow the happy couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kupsky moved to Martin's Ferry, O., last Wednesday, as the husband could not stand the long distance to work at Laughlin Mill.

Mr. J. H. V. Fowler, of Wellsburg, notified the reporter last Thursday that three deaf-mutes were in the town, but their names were not given.

Mr. Holdridge Chidester, a retired teacher, of the Romney School, lost a valuable cow recently, by being killed by a Romney and Green Spring R. R. train.

A new railroad is contemplated from Rowlesburg to Parsons. Mr. Arthur Fauber may get a position on it.

Mr. Thomas J. McClurg, of Romney, will be here about November 1st.

A recent letter to Romney from Clarence McGuire, who graduated from the school there, stated that he was employed in a printing office at Berkeley Springs.

Mr. John Wagoner, of Alaska—not the territory, but right here—was in Romney not long ago, visiting his brother and the school, of which John was one of the early pupils. J. C. B.

## FANWOOD.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

The meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, held last Saturday evening, October 18th, was under the auspices of the Academic Class. The program was opened by Miss Ida Butcher, who gave an interesting reading, entitled "A Mother's Sacrifice." This was followed by a debate, the question being: "Resolved, That women are equal to men in business affairs." The affirmative side was supported by Misses Kipp and Tanzas, while Messrs. Stern and Renner upheld the negative. The judges, chosen by President Fox, were Miss Alice Judge and Mr. W. G. Jones. The debate was hotly contested, and much to the surprise of all, the affirmative side came off victorious with 40 points to 3 of the negative.

Mr. Paul Dittmar next gave a reading, "The Power of Song," which was very interesting, and in which he gave a description of the perilous life of the guides of the Alps in Switzerland.

The program was closed with a dialogue given by Messrs. F. Berger, H. Powell and W. Renner. F. Berger was dressed to represent a lawyer, and H. Powell and W. Renner as two men just come from the Emerald Isle, and who were seeking government positions. The title of the dialogue was "Civil Service," and it was quite humorous and amusing.

The three divisions of the girls' society, the Loyal Band of Workers, held its annual meeting on Monday afternoon, October 13th. The following officers were elected for the year 1902-1903.

*Senior Division*.—President, Minnie Kipp; Vice-President, Mary Tanzas; Secretary, Ida Butcher; Treasurer, Mary Hoffman.

*Junior Division*.—President, Millie Attig; Vice-President, Annie Muller; Secretary, Ethel Howe; Treasurer, Sarah Zablow.

*Candidate's Division*.—Beatrice Woolner, President; Kate Christgau, Vice-President; Sophia Kneppel, Secretary; Sarah Rubien, Treasurer.

A match game of basketball was played in the gymnasium last Friday afternoon, between teams composed of members of the Academic class against those of the Junior Academic. The Seniors had to play with four men against the five of the Juniors, strengthened by the addition, of a strong player, not of their class. Nevertheless the Academic boys did their best and won by the score of 21 to 14 points.

Miss Prudence Burchard, upon being invited, spent Saturday, her birthday, in New Jersey, with the Rev. and Mrs. White.

Last Sunday was Visiting Day, and despite the appearance of the weather, which was threatening, a very large number of friends and relatives of the pupils came to see them.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Smith, of Troy, N. Y., both former Fanwoodites, visited their *Alma Mater* last Friday, and marvelled greatly at the changes in the school.

W. R.

The old hiring fairs are still held in some rural districts of England. There is a story of an old Gloucestershire farmer, who, opening a likely lad at such a place, opened negotiations with a view to engaging him.

"Hast got a character from thy last place?" the farmer asked.

"No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write one."

"Very well," was the reply. "Thee get it and meet I here again at four o'clock."

The farmer and the boy met at the appointed time.

"Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer was short and sharp: "No, but I ha' got thine, and I bea'n't a-coming."

Germany employs 537,132 people on railroads—that is nearly 1 per cent of her entire population. There are 17 to every mile of line.

A Copenhagen daily newspaper announced that publication is suspended for three months to enable the staff to enjoy a long summer holiday.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1902.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.  
One Copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.  
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.  
Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

### LONDON'S CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES.

"VAN FLETCH'S" VISIT TO REV. F. W. G. GILBY'S REMARKABLE CONGREGATION—A SUPPER WITHOUT WORDS.

Turning from Oxford Street into Lumley Street, around the corner of St. Saviour's Church, the other Sunday evening, I noticed a group of men and women gesticulating so like Italians that I stopped, expecting to hear the familiar language. Drawing nearer, I fully expected to hear them conversing in soft Tuscan, but to my surprise no sounds were uttered as accompaniments to the animated gestures. Then I knew that it was a company of deaf-mutes. I had before seen two and even three, silent orators converse together, but not twenty; these were of both sexes and all ages, and I found them intensely interesting. I judged that the group on the pavement was only a part of a large gathering, for a double stream coursed in and out of the vestry entrance to the church, and I longed to enter and view the larger assembly, but I felt it an intrusion merely to satisfy a curiosity, and hesitated. Soon, however, a woman separated herself from the group and came toward me with a smile of encouragement so inviting that I tried to ask the question, "Might I enter?" in pantomime. To my surprise, she articulated quite clearly, but with a monotonous, almost sepulchral, tone of voice, the ascent: "Yes, you may go in; it is a church; and everybody is welcome." There was not a sign of expression in the voice, nor an accent put upon any one syllable in the sentence more than upon another, and I noticed that, as I spoke to her, my informant kept her eyes on my lips.

Entering the church, I followed the ingressors down a pair of stone steps, which led deep below the level of the sidewalk, to the vestry room of the church, which I found to be bare and cellar-like, as vestries so often are, but fitted with some gymnastic apparatus around the sides, and filled with an amount of animation it is scarcely possible even to imagine. Perhaps an hundred and fifty young and old people of all three sexes—the third sex being represented by the sissy young man, and all ages from small boyhood up to men and women almost in their dotage—composed the meeting. And yet not a sound uttered, except an occasional domineering laugh, sometimes sounding like a screech, and sometimes like a grunt. Altogether it was very uncanny, and I was reminded at once of Dante and "Paradise Lost."

As I stood waiting for an impulse to tear me away from my intrusion, I noticed the slender figure of a priest of the Church of England moving about among the people, and soon he was the centre of attention. He, too, talked with his hands and his shoulders, and consulted a blank book occasionally, which he carried under his arm, and gave away red and blue tickets from a bunch he held in his slender white hand. He was evidently the pastor, and knew every member of the flock present. This intimacy of the others soon singled poor me out as a sheep from another flock, and the good pastor noticed me. Coming forward with a smile of genuine welcome, the pastor asked me in most musical tones: "You are not deaf and dumb, are you?"

It startled me, as one's conscience does when it probes a fancied secret with an abrupt inquiry. "No," I replied, "I am not, but I am very much interested in those who are."

Then the "father" and I began a running fusillade of question and answer, while he received and answered from others questions on his hands. He seemed to be able to think and converse in the two languages at the same time, a feat of duality that is impossible when both languages are uttered by the same mouth.

Many of those who came to consult the good shepherd of this mute flock were not altogether dumb. In fact, most of them attempted to communicate their desires to him by word of mouth. He seemed to understand them, but only in a few cases could I catch the meaning, it was all so expressionless. Rarely did the attempt succeed in bringing about a mutual understanding, and then the facile fingers came into play to help out the difficulty, and interpret easily what the lips could not do. To a little boy of seven, a normal child of deaf and dumb parents, the pastor chatted in the coaxing language of the nursery, while he gesticulated with the parents a sage discussion relative to the picnic of the morrow, which was the cause of the tickets being distributed, and the gathering that lingered after church in the vestry.

Having asked if the picnic were a free or a pay affair, I learned that it was both, according to the ability of those attending to pay or not. I then asked if there were any present too poor to pay, and found that there were many such, when I was constrained to add a gold piece to the general fund, so that some who were not expecting the pleasure might join their friends in the excursion, the tug-of-war, and the lunch which brought them together in social contact with each other, and with nature, once a year. My gift was appreciated and my interest seeming to the pastor more than mere curiosity, or amusement, he asked me if I had an engagement for the evening. I told him I had not, and that I rarely made engagements so that I might take any train or opportunity that happened to cross my path. Then he said: "Perhaps you will come next door to my house, and take supper with my mother and me. She has been deaf and dumb from her birth, and so has been my father, but he is absent in Switzerland with my wife. No, my wife is not deaf and dumb, and neither am I, as you probably notice, and yet we are both children of deaf-mute parents."

In the cozy home of my chance hosts, I met a welcome that needed no words to complete, and that no words can fitly describe. The mother was a woman of seventy, yet with unchanged hair, a beautiful radiant expression, and a complexion, not too ruddy, but with all the color of healthy maidenhood. Here no attempt was made to articulate, for madame was of the old school when symbols alone were taught and used, and before the almost meaningless and utterly unintelligible mechanics of "pure oral," so called, were invented and taught by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell to the pupil who afterward became his wife.

At the present time there is a great and bitter war going on in the deaf and dumb world, relative to the merits of the several means employed to teach deaf-mutes. Those who teach the so-called "pure oral," are so set upon their new fad, that they insist on making gibbering incompetents of every unfortunate who happens to be deprived of hearing and speech. The Rev. F. W. C. Gilby, M.A., who was my host of the other evening, a man who should know, if any one does, the needs and the wishes of his parents, friends, and flock, has made a vigorous protest against the abnormal forcing of unintelligible isolation upon the deaf and dumb, by denying them the use of their hands. One of the pleas made by the "pure-oralists" is that the use of symbols, or rather signs, which phrase a whole complex action or incident, as it were, in one gesture, inclines the users to be ungrammatical. For instance, Reverend Gilby, the other evening, in asking his mother to give us some pudding, gave the graceful gesture, which means to the deaf, "please," and another simple movement of both hands that means nothing in the world to them but "pudding."

The message conveyed was "please, pudding." Turned about, the unceremonious Englishman often says "pudding, please," when he wants the article in question; but the "pure-oralists"—pure fatalists, withal—want the poor unfortunates to labor over the painful utterance of the words, "Will you please be so kind as to favor me with some pudding," so as to satisfy a grammatical and ceremonial craving for propriety.

The result is, that the poor slave to conventional and grammatical propriety is distressed at the unnatural effort, and many in the audience are made ill by the uncanny-ness of the sound. And more than likely, if the occurrence happen among strangers, the applicant for pudding gets cabbage instead, so ill do the best of the born deaf and dumb express themselves in speech.

—Van Fletch, in San Francisco, Cal., Argonaut.

William H. Weeks, of the Hartford School, has just entered upon his fifty-third year as a teacher of the deaf.

The Rev. A. W. Mann officiated twice on Sunday, October 19th, in the beautiful new Chapel of St. Agnes Mission in Grace Parish, Cleveland, O.

## CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### A Victory on the Gridiron.

#### FOLLOWED BY DEFEAT.

##### News of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The leading events of interest of the week were foot ball games, the which came off on Thursday and Saturday afternoon. The first game came off on Gallaudet field, where our varsity team lined up against the Columbian University eleven, and trimmed them to the tune of 6 to 0. As the game started very late in the afternoon, only fifteen and ten minute halves were played.

The game started with McDonough kicking off to Columbian's ten yard line. Machler caught the ball, and carried it back ten yards before being nailed. He then advanced it three yards. McLearn made five yards more, and Arcovistis was given the ball, and carried it four yards down the field. Columbian fumbled, and it was Gallaudet's ball on the former's thirty yard line. No gains were made, and McDonough was forced to kick. The ball was caught by Smith, who advanced eight yards before being downed. Arcovistis carried it ten yards, and Masgrube sent it nine yards more. Columbian was then held for downs, and kicked fifty yards. Erickson received the ball, and brought it up the field five yards. Winemiller added another five yards, and McDonough, in a mass play carried it twelve yards more. Mass plays, and tackle-back formations steadily advanced the ball up the field, and finally Mayer was sent over making a touchdown. McDonough kicked goal. Score Gallaudet 6, Columbian 0.

The second half began with Columbian kicking to Mayer. Several plays netted no gains and it was Columbian's ball on Gallaudet's forty-five yard line. It was quite dark now, and it was very hard for the Gallaudet men to locate the ball. McLearn bucked the line for three yards. Arcovistis, for two yards. The darkness was very helpful to Columbian, and the ball was soon on Gallaudet's twenty-yard line. Redington took a desperate chance to kick goal from field, and Phelps landed on the ball one yard from Gallaudet's goal line, where he was held. Gallaudet, then began to carry the ball back, but lost it on her ten-yard line on an illegal formation. Columbian was rapidly advancing it to Gallaudet's goal, but fortunately time was called. Final score: Gallaudet 6, Columbian 0. The line up:—

GALLAUDET.	POSITIONS.	COLUMBIAN.
Richards	left end	Musgrave
McDonough	left tackle	Catts
Hewetson	left guard	Edley
Hemstreet	center	Lewis
Garrett	right guard	Helme
Mather	right tackle	Kelly
Escherich	right end	Smith
Phelps	quarter back	Redington
Winemiller	right half back	Arcovistis
Erickson	left half back	McLearn
Mayer	full back	Machler

The second game was played with Gettysburg College, at Gettysburg, Pa., and was one of the worst exhibitions of foot ball imaginable. Foot ball rules were thrown to the winds by Gettysburg. A protest by a Gallaudet man to the umpire availed nothing. Evidently this official was bent on supporting the home team in its dirty work. By these tactics Gallaudet was robbed of the game, which should have otherwise gone to her. The final score was 33 to 6.

Gallaudet received the kick, and with great ease carried the ball toward Gettysburg's goal, in a very short space of time. McDonough kicked goal. Gettysburg, fearing for the result then resorted to her foul tactics, and with the umpire's sanction settled the game in her favor.

GALLAUDET.	Position.	GETTYSBURG.
Richards	left end	Lenker
McDonough	left tackle	Craig
Hewetson	left guard	Hill
Hemstreet	center	Benjamin
Garrett	right guard	Fisher
Mather	right tackle	Rice
Escherich	right end	McLaughlin
Phelps	quarter back	Young
Erickson	left half back	Richard
Winemiller	right half back	White
Mayer, Ryan	full back	James

Touchdowns—Lenker 2, White, Richard 2, Fisher, Craig, Erickson. Goals—McLaughlin 3, James, McDonough. Time of halves—23 and 20 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Nicely of Gettysburg. Referee—Mr. Shely, of C. of Md. Linesmen—Messrs. Binkle and Rine. Timers—Mr. Sprenkle for Gettysburg, and Mr. Spence for Gallaudet.

The Reserves lined up against the team from the Central High School last Friday afternoon. The game was played on Gallaudet Field, and resulted disastrously for the Reserves. The score was 34 to 0. The high school boys were much heavier than the Reserves, and they put up a much better article of football, and no wonder the Reserves could do nothing with them.

The "Lit" held its first literary meeting of the term last Friday evening. The programme was opened with a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Strikes," delivered by Mr. Gaw.

The question: "Resolved, That the miners are justified in their demands on the operators," was argued on the affirmative side by Messrs. Hendricks, '04, and Bradham, '06; and on the negative by Messrs. Marshall, '04, and Clark, '06, the decision being in favor of the latter side.

A dialogue, "Orhelle, the Moor of Venice," was then given by Messrs. Drake, '04, and Sayles, '06, and after this, Mr. Linstrom, '06, closed the exercises with a declamation entitled "The Demon Ship."

On the whole the meeting was a decided success. The question for debate was in keeping with the times and the debaters on both sides showed careful preparations. The dialogue was a great improvement on the article usually given before the society.

Cycling as a fad, no longer exists, but the Gallaudet Wheelmen do not propose to give up the ghost for some time. Last Friday afternoon, the club re-organized for the term, and the following officers were chosen: President, Marshall, '04; Vice-President, Appleby '05; Treasurer, Mickesell, '06; Captain, Cameron, '04; Sub. Captain, Bradham, '06.

The golf craze has finally taken a permanent hold on the sojourners here. Any afternoon, when not occupied with his football duties, Hewetson, '03, our expert golfer, is seen on the campus, instructing a lot of embryo players in the mysteries of the game. One of his most ardent disciples is Roberts, '04, who by the way, has added a scarlet golfing coat to his outfit, which had hitherto consisted of one solitary cleeck.

A reception was given by Mrs. Day, last Saturday evening, the 10th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Fay. All the Faculty and officers of the Institution were present.

John Temple, after spending a month's vacation here, has gone back to St. Louis, Mo., where he is agent for the Olive Type Writer Company.

Mr. Herbert Gallaudet, son of our President Gallaudet, has passed the examination for admission to the Presbyterian ministry, with high honors.

Surprise birthday parties seem to be the fad on the co-eds with this year. Recently Miss Wiedenmeier, '04, was treated to one by her classmate, Miss Hansen. How very fortunate is she, whose natal day comes around during the college year!

Benjamin S. Foreman, '03, translating German to English: "Es blühet ein schoenes Blumchen auf unsrer irenen aue"—There blooms a beautiful flower on our green eye. The Bug and Bird will be out the latter part of this week.

Mr. Laurence B. Fay, son of Dr. Fay, has entered Cornell University where he is taking a course in Civil Engineering.

Oct. 18-'02. P. J. H.

## ST. LOUIS.

In the hope that it might be interesting to the JOURNAL'S readers to have the 1904 World's Fair noted down in exact feet and acres, I send the following clipping from a local paper.

Total area of site.....	1,180 acres
Exhibit space.....	116 acres
Fire system pipes.....	35 miles
Water pipe laid.....	44,783 feet
Sanitary sewers laid.....	40,904 feet
Daily sewer capacity.....	18,000,000 gallons
Water in lagoons.....	20,000,000 gallons
Earth moved.....	1,500,000 cubic yards
Electric conduits laid.....	51,000 feet
Storm water pipes.....	14,000 feet
Macadam roadways built.....	22,320 feet
Intramural railway.....	0.9 miles
Construction track built.....	8.5 miles

John Lehmann, the deaf-blind pupil at the Gallaudet School, died from hasty consumption on the 17th. He had attended school for two years and as he was naturally intelligent, bid fair to improve his mind rather quicker than the average. But an attack of consumption brought him to his bed and death came as a release after an illness of a few months.

Mr. Kerr is still a hospital inmate; now gradually recovering from his nervous collapse. His host of friends are correspondingly rejoiced.

The October meeting of the Gallaudet Union was well attended and an exceptional literary programme gone through. Hereafter the collections taken up at each meeting will be dispensed with, and each member charged a yearly fee of twenty-five cents, which admits them to all meetings and socials of the Society; non-members to pay a dime to each social. Strangers are always welcome to any and all meetings. This marks a good improvement, for hereafter all members will share expenses equally.

Mr. Corey, after having seen Mr. Regensburg, was seized with a desire to gaze on his other Chicago friends and, dropping everything, went to Chicago for a few days, on an excursion.

Miss Meyers, one of the St. Louisians at Gallaudet College, has come unexpectedly home, on account of a severe illness of her aunt. Our sympathy goes out to her, but we hope her relative will recover.

A basket party, the proceeds of which are to go to make up the deficit in the Lecture Fund, will be given on the evening of the 29th, in the basement of the Memorial

House. Let all who can come, for the more the merrier.

A surprise party was given Mr. Schulte, on the evening of his birthday, by his wife and friends. A good time was had by all. S.

## BOSTON.

Rev. Dr. Kidner spoke a few words of prayer, Rev. Mr. Searing interpreting into signs for the benefit of the silent people. Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee announced his pleasure in having Edwin A. Hodgson, editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of New York City, repeat his eulogy.

He began at three o'clock, and dwelt upon the characteristic life of our late reverend friend for one and one half hours. His manner of delivery is such as to indicate clearness of ideas and grace of signs, and he made himself the cynosure of all eyes, and in his lecture, he confined himself to the point at every issue and moved some of us to tears. His eulogy was most captivating and impressive in the real sense of the word. The large audience—between two and three hundred—was composed of the deaf of Boston and the out-lying towns.

Mrs. Wm. Swett, of Beverly, Mass., went to St. Andrew's Mission under the kind tutelage of her faithful daughter, Mrs. Bowden, despite her advanced age. She enjoys the honor of being one of Rev. Dr. Thom's Gallaudet's first pupils, he having given her one of his pictures in a folded case, at which time she graduated from the Fanwood Institution, fifty years ago. She prizes it most highly. That picture has impressed me with the fact that he was a very handsome young man with rosy cheeks, and even with a strong physical constitution.

After the eulogy, the Home fund was substantially increased.

Rev. Mr. S. Stanley Searing says that he could easily have filled several books for the Home, in Providence, R. I., when he went there to administer Holy Communion, if he had them, but he had only one sample with him. Joseph Donnelly, the well-known typo of Woonsocket, R. I., paid for one half dozen bricks.

Rev. Mr. Searing's boy is much interested in the Home for aged deaf-mutes, and he begged for one brick plan book from Mr. White, which he will get filled by his little friends. Much to his surprise, he received a visit from a small boy, who said he had heard that a Home for old and weak mutes was needed and he wanted to get one brick plan book to fill up and help them get a good home. Rev. Mr. Searing promised to give the little philanthropist a book to fill.

The first of the 1000 brick books of the Home fund was filled and paid to Mr. White by E. A. Hodgson, of New York City, soon after his arrival in Boston. Rev. Mr. Searing was present when Mr. White received the first money for a book of bricks. It is proposed to frame this little book as a souvenir, and hang it up in the Home when it is opened.

Walter H. Perry, printer, of the Youth's Companion, was the first young man having had the first of the ten brick books filled, and handed ten dollars to Mr. White, who was unexpectedly surprised to get that amount of money. I would say further, but it is wiser to wait till next week and report on reliable authority.

Charles Dougherty, of Hartford, Conn., is the guest of Edwin Duran, of Boston, for a few days this week. He attended Mr. Hodgson's lecture. Mr. Duran is the much talked of cook in Boston, well skilled in the culinary art.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel P. Jones, of Montreal, Canada, having placed themselves on a pedestal in Boston for several months, shook off the dust of the "hub" city last week. They are greatly missed by us.

We were surprised to hear that Miss Bertha Goodspeed, of Providence, R. I., was united to George Tatrow, of Worcester, in the bonds of matrimony. Congratulations to the both.

Miss Rebecca Greenlaw, sister of the late matron of the Hartford School, is the guest of Albert Small for the time being. She contemplates going to Hartford to spend the coming winter at the home of Mr. John E. Crane.

### New Men to Atoms—Only Deafened a Dog.

In Lima, Ohio, on Saturday, Earl Bush, a nitroglycerine maker, and John Anspaugh, a helper, were blown to pieces, and the Producers Explosion Company's factory and magazine, containing several hundred quarts of the explosive, on the Berryman farm, were completely wrecked. Big buildings in the city were swayed, the plate glass window was broken by the concussion. A few minutes after the explosion, a dog belonging to Anspaugh, which had accompanied him to the factory in the morning, rushed into the company's offices in the city. The dog is stone deaf and a nervous wreck, but not wounded.

Readiness in criticism often marks ignorance of the task.

## CHICAGO.

### The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

#### TALK ON LITERATURE.

##### Happenings and Incidents.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Perform a kind action and we find a kind feeling grow within us, even if it was not there before. As we increase the number of our kind and charitable interests we find that that the more we do for others the more we love them. Serve them not because they are our friends, not because they are interesting, not because they are grateful—serve them for the simple reason that they are our brethren, and then we will soon find that the fervent heart keeps time with the charitable hands. The members and friends of the Ladies' Aid Society were entertained Saturday evening last. "Pass it on" Social was the attraction of the evening. This game is an odd and interesting bit. It was up-to-date and perhaps a little beyond. The crowd were so thoroughly pleased. All merry-makers stood up in a circle holding the articles. In the center stood Rev. Mr. Hasenstab in place of Mrs. Chairman Colby, who was detained at home with a cold, giving a sharp signal and the articles passed from hand to hand around for a few minutes. They clasped the articles when a noise was made. Then every holder of the packages was called and opened it one by one in turn. When the givers were known, they were at once asked to explain where and how they got them, from whom, etc. The lookers-on exclaimed that it was pleasant sight.

They brought many useful articles, such as cream pitcher, card receiver, cup and saucer, tumbler, handkerchiefs, picture, candle holders with wax candles, a little safe, a package of crackers, "Zu-Zu," "Force," "Malta-Vita," etc. A very enthusiastic meeting was experienced. Among the important features of the Social was a talk by Rev. Mr. Philip J. Hasenstab. His subject was "Literature and Its Way to Success." Those present were earnest listeners. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab is a calm, deliberate talker, his manner and every gesture bespeaking the man of knowledge and ability. In part, he said: The aim throughout the Lights to Literature is to furnish standard literature. It is of interest for every body, a splendid library of thoughts from the world's master minds. It is the result of an earnest desire to promote the literary and social culture of our homes and people. It is good remedy for the blues. The subjects of which Mr. Hasenstab spoke were: Man—three parts—soul mind and body; the soul depends on the gospel food, the mind on truth, and the body on material food. Neglect of same tends to keep him behind, far behind, others in intellect and power. It is, therefore, every one's business, Mr. Hasenstab argued, to give all leisure time to study. Card playing, dancing, and the like, are simply a waste of time, offering nothing at all for increase of useful knowledge and the strong and purity of life, whereas one should endeavor to strengthen himself and also others mentally, morally and spiritually. It may be a thing for the idiotic, for otherwise it is beneath one's dignity to sit at table and waste his time.

Acceptation or rejection of the Literature will pass by the members of the Aid Society on the first Wednesday of November, at the lecture room of the M. E. Church. Do you know how to secure health, strength and increased vitality; how to build up an attractive figure and attain the beauty which comes from health and a good complexion? How to have a correct carriage, graceful ways of bowing, entering a drawing room, etc.? First—Continue to study literature. Second—Be cheerful and charitable. Literature helps such people with refreshment, recuperation and renewal of vigor and spirits. Literature is a godsend and a tonic. It is as vivifying as the Breath of Life, as free to test as God's sunshine. We will sleep like a tired child and wake rested. Then we will know and find what we need, better than playing cards, better than going to theatres, because lacking the literature that exhausted nature was crying for. No doubt if we study it we will acquire brains as easily as we can an umbrella. What a brilliant world this will be! We cannot pick up knowledge by sitting on literature.

The annual "Luncheon" Social given under the direction of the members of the Kensington M. E. Mission, was held at the home of Mrs. George Fraser, in Fernwood, on Wednesday afternoon, October 15th. Exercises were participated in by the members. It proved to be even better than was anticipated.

Miss Daisy Ella Hostetler, of Michigan City, Ind., was wedded to Mr. George Caleb Root, of Chicago, Ill., at the home of the bride's parents, in Michigan City, Ind., on Tuesday, October 21st. The groom has a steady position as baker in Englewood; was a former pupil at the Illinois school for the deaf, and later was a former resident of Bloomington, Ill. The happy couple will be at home, at 6502 State Street, after November 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes and family, left Chicago Friday morning, having been summoned to Michigan City, Indiana, because of the death of Mr. Bowes' oldest brother. Their Chicago friends extend sympathy to them.

The class of 1882, of Illinois School, will regret to learn that Miss Louisa Thomas is now confined at the St. Louis Insane Asylum, in St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Charles W. Kessler is again called home to Joilet to the bedside of her sick father.

The Literary Circle of the Pas-a-Pas Club, which held such large attended Halloween last year, will hold another one on Saturday evening, October 25th. Only members and ladies are invited. There will be an excellent programme, to be followed by some very amusing features, which will be a surprise to all except the participants.

The Silent Herald, of the Chicago Mission for the Deaf, is moving forward wonderfully.

We send our sincere congratulations to the deaf of Omaha and Council Bluffs, for organizing a religious mission for the deaf. Long live the mission!

Mrs. Anna Elliott has rented her house, and moved to Pullman, where her daughter is working.

The folks of Miss Bessie Shurtlett have moved Evanston to live.

Mrs. Lee, mother of Mr. Clarence Lee, of South Haven, has just gone to California, to visit her son.

Mr. W. B. Wayman, the popular president of the Literary Circle, of the Pas-a-Pas Club, is planning to give an old fashioned party to selected friends on Friday evening, October 31st.

Mr. W. B. Wayman's niece is engaged to be married on November 5th.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is in a flourishing condition, with one hundred members in good standing.

The Ladies' Aid Society has an enrollment of about one hundred and fifty members, and is in a prosperous condition.

Cards have been printed for the coming marriage of an old resident of Englewood, to occur on the third day of November. Guess who?

West Chicago Athletic Club, (deaf-mutes) will play foot-ball next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock p.m., at Fifty-first Street and Center Avenue, against the Morgan Athletic Club.

Miss Abbie L. Ketcham returned home in St. Joseph, Michigan, after spending a pleasant week with her cousin in Chicago.

Mr. Bert Gott had one of his fingers badly cut, while working at the shop of the Automatic Electric Co., last week. He is laid off until he gets well, but he still draws his salary though.

Mr. F. E. Ryan's new address is 1341 West Harvard Street.

The other day the Superintendent of the Automatic Electric Co., was on watch and caught ten hearing men fooling and playing during the business hours, and had them "fired," and put more deaf-mutes in their places. Now the total number of deaf-mutes employed in the shop under Mr. Carter, inspector, (also a deaf-mute) is fifty-five. The firm says that they are more industrious and punctual than the hearing employes.

## CHICAGO.

### BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

#### Schedule of Services and Meetings.

##### BUFFALO.

First and Third Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 8 p.m., Evening Prayer; Second Sunday, 11 a.m., Holy Communion; Fourth Sunday, 11 a.m., Morning Prayer.

All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 128 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church).

Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 p.m. Meeting of the Pan-a-Pan Society, (in the Parish House).

##### ROCHESTER.

In Parish House of St. Luke's Church.

First Sunday of month, 11 a.m. Holy Communion.

Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

First Sunday, 11 a.m. Morning Prayer.

First Thursday of month, 8 p.m. Ladies' Aid Society.

All other Thursdays, 8 p.m. Social gatherings.

### A Mistake Which is Not All a Mistake.

Recently in a class doing required reading, the pupils were asked to find synonyms for a list of words and use those words in original sentences. One of those words was "misfortune." Imagine the teacher's surprise and delight—to find the synonym given as "unluck."—New Era.

The panorama of London, painted in 1829 by Mr. Horner, covered over an acre of canvas.

Thirty-six new asteroids were discovered in 1901. We now know of 475 of these bodies.



## NEW YORK.

### Science and the Supernatural.

#### A JOINT DEBATE.

#### Personal Mention.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The two hundred deaf-mutes who attended Prof. Fox's lecture last Tuesday evening, on "Science and the Supernatural," enjoyed an intellectual treat, and most of them went home in a state of extreme cogitation. Prof. Fox ran through the gamut of extraordinary and unexplainable manifestations to the faculties of the human mind. He placed the most abstruse problems within the comprehension of all—that is, to the extent of their connection with things material, but not as to the why and wherefore of their occurrence, as that was something science has yet to solve.

He led his audience into the mysteries of psychology, telepathy and mysterious hallucinations. He touched upon the wonders of the wireless telegraph, the telautograph, the telephone, the photophone, and the phonograph. He gave many uncanny illustrations of premonitions of misfortune and death that were verified by the actual occurrences. He assured all that the trend of science had established the fact that there was no such thing as the supernatural, but that all things and happenings incomprehensible to us were the result of natural laws, either known or unknown. He cautioned all not to be skeptical concerning what they did not understand. Neither should they be too credulous. He believed the time was coming when science would prove the immortality of the soul.

A vote of thanks was given to the lecturer at the close of his discourse. Mr. E. A. Hodgson presided during the evening, and announced the next affair in the Guild Room—the Hallow Eve party.

A joint debate, interesting from start to finish, was held at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, on 73d Street, last Friday evening, October 17th. Previous to this, the members and their friends, on invitation of Mr. Wm. H. Rose, filed into the well equipped gymnasium, connecting the library, and indulged in some exercises conducted under the supervision of Mr. James A. Voss.

This over, preparations for the debate, which was the main feature of the evening, was begun. The subject was: "Which do you consider the wiser course for a young married couple: ownership of a house, even if it should involve years of stringent economy, or pay rent?" The contesting parties were made up as follows: Ownership—J. A. Voss, C. Barnes, J. Keiser, Rent—H. Reilly, H. Heerdt, W. Farnham. The Judges were Miss Essie Spanton, Mr. Archibald McL. Baxter and Marcus L. Kenner. Time-keeper—Wm. H. Rose. The time allowed to each was five minutes. After debating *pro* and *con* for fully half an hour, to the delight and satisfaction of the entire audience, the judges went into an adjoining room to decide their decision, which took less than five minutes. Returning, Mr. Kenner took the floor in behalf of the judges, and after making some complimentary remarks, appropriate to the occasion, he announced the unanimous decision of the judges as being: Ownership, 7; Rent, 6. The announcement elicited great applause from the audience, who declared it to have been a "hot and well contested debate." After indulging in solving some puzzles of an educational character, which were written on a board by Mrs. Rose, the audience plunged into conversation, which was pleasantly carried on, until some time after ten o'clock, when all departed. Among the deaf-mutes present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Rose, Misses Essie Spanton, Bella Bensinger, Eva Wachs, Katie Weber and sister, Agnes Zigler and Margaret Talley, Messrs. Moses Loew, Rice, Archie Baxter, James A. Voss, Jarboe, Wm. Farnham, Sol. Buttenheim, Sam. Goldberg, Henry and Charles Miller, Abe Solomon, Seymour Gomprecht, Jacob Keiser, H. Heerdt, Culmer Barnes, Reilly, Andrews and Marcus L. Kenner.

Fred W. Meinken met with a painful accident a couple of weeks since. He was working at a lathe, or a buzz-saw, when the piece of wood he was operating upon was thrown violently into his face. His nose got a deep gash across it, and his forehead was cut so as to require four or five stitches. He was taken home in a carriage. In three days he had recovered sufficiently to be at work again.

Arrangements are fast progressing for the Hallow Eve Party, which is to be held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on Friday evening, October 31st. The committee in charge, Mrs. Knox, Misses Mabel Pearce, Violet Pearce, Lizzie Weeks and Bella Bensinger, are planning some novel and amusing features for the enjoyment of those who may attend. The admission price is fixed at fifteen cents, which is so low that a big attendance is anticipated.

Mr. John H. Keiser conducted the service of St. Ann's last Sunday in the absence of Rev. John Chamberlain, who was in Philadelphia attending the Memorial Services at All Souls' Church, in memory of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. Mr. Keiser began a series of readings on the Old Testament, which he will continue from time to time. Beginning with Genesis, each week he will outline the important events in the history of the Bible.

Among the interested spectators in the joint-debate held at the Seventy-third Street Church last Friday evening, was Mr. Andrews, of Baltimore, Md. He arrived here on October 14th, in response to a letter offering him a lucrative position in this city, which he has accepted.

Mr. Harry Gloistein has resigned his old position in the engraving establishment, where Mr. Seymour Gomprecht is also employed, to accept one which is offered him by a close friend of his family.

A report is going the rounds to the effect that Miss Mabel Walton, of Philadelphia, is engaged to Mr. Harry C. Dickerson, of this city. The marriage will, it is said, take place during the month of January, 1903.

Mr. Louis Blumenkale and "Abe" Eisenberg, witnessed the play "Treasure Island," at the Third Avenue Theatre, last Saturday evening.

The "Deaf-Mutes' Football Team" of this city, claims to have scheduled a match with the Philadelphia Deaf-Mutes, which will take place in the near future.

Mrs. Henry J. Haight, who recently moved from Yonkers to Baldwinville, N. Y., has returned to the city of Yonkers, where she has taken apartments on Warburton Avenue and will reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hennip have forsaken their Morrisania home and have moved into the suburbs, being now located in the charming residential section of Bedford Park, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Smith, of Troy, N. Y., left for home yesterday, after a week pleasantly spent as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Fox.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wollmann, of East Northport, Long Island, are rejoicing over the advent of a baby girl. Mother and baby are doing well.

Nicholas Smith, a former pupil of Fanwood, who had been a sufferer of consumption for some time, died in this city last week.

Among those at St. Ann's on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Frolick, and Mrs. Aaron Witmeyer, of Stamford, Conn.

George Gilboe and Frank Morrissey, both of Troy, N. Y., were in New York for a few days last week.

#### CHURCH NOTICES.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 26TH.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 3 P.M. St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Holy Communion. Gallaudet Home.

Memorial Service in St. Matthew's Church, N. Y., 8 P.M. Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Vibbert. Interpreted for the deaf.

Guild meeting, Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

A Gift to New York City from a Deaf-Mute of France.

M. Hamar, the French deaf sculptor of the Rochambeau statue, which was unveiled in Washington last May, has given the plaster cast to New York City, and it is said it will be placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Memorial Services at All Souls'.

#### DEAF MINER SHOT.

#### The Silent Five Beaten.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Gallaudet Memorial Service at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Sunday, 19th, was largely attended. It was not only successful, but beautiful and inspiring. The large brass vessels on the rosters, which were presented to the church by St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, of New York, each contained large bouquets of white chrysanthemums and they were the only decorations attempted. Several clergy were expected to be on hand, but only one was able to be present—the Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, New York. The Communion service was first read as far as the place where the sermon follows. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain then preached the sermon from the two Texts: "The memory of the just is blessed." Proverbs 10: 7.

"Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."—I Corinthians, 11: 1.

He paid an eloquent tribute to the character and worth of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, his late superior, as he had seen and known him. Usually when Dr. Chamberlain preaches at All Souls' he speaks without notes; but this time, he used notes and was more eloquent than ever. As he only had notes, we are unable to give his sermon here.

Mr. J. S. Reider, Lay-Reader, then made the following address after pre-facing it with a few remarks on the pleasure it gave our people to have the late Dr. Gallaudet's assistant preach the sermon on the occasion:

"Only those who knew the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., and his work have any idea of the great loss which the deaf, as a class, have sustained. He loved and was beloved by the deaf of many communities. It was not possible for him to reach the deaf of every land, but his love, work and influence was felt both far and near, and we have every reason to believe that he had wished in his heart to benefit the whole 'silent world.'"

The ties which Dr. Gallaudet formed with the Philadelphia deaf were especially endearing. Here may be seen some of the best fruits of his early labors. He laid the foundation of All Souls' Mission for the Deaf, which has steadily prospered and grown, until now it is, by God's blessing, enabled to worship in its own home.

It is not to be wondered then that the love and esteem shown Rev. Dr. Gallaudet by these people sometimes appeared greater than that bestowed upon their own pastor. His presence here was always an inspiration to his faithful friends. They would welcome him with a joy that clearly showed their gratitude to him. So child like was their faith in him that they regarded him as their best friend and leader in the faith of Jesus Christ. These happy relations continued unbroken until the end. The people now realize that their good friend, comforter and helper, will never visit them again and feel the loss keenly. So they revere and cherish his memory more than ever. And no man of these times is more worthy of their loving remembrance."

Pastor Koehler also paid a touching tribute to Dr. Gallaudet, referring to him as our Father in God. Such a name, he continued, properly belongs to a Bishop, and though Dr. Gallaudet was not ordained such, he was to the deaf as much as a Bishop is to his diocese. He then spoke of the lessons to be learned from Dr. Gallaudet's beautiful life.

Miss Cora L. Ford then came forward and gracefully recited Hymn 176 (Revised Book) one of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's favorite hymns, the first line of which reads, "For all the saints, who from their labors rest."

The Communion service was then resumed, and finished. About a hundred knelt before the altar. Some special prayers suitable to the occasion were used. After the service, Dr. Chamberlain had a hand-shaking time in All Souls' Hall.

Much interest is being taken in the following case. The newspapers reported the shooting at length the day after it occurred. It was said that Durham became deaf during his service in the army, in Cuba, we believe.

POTTSTOWN, PA., Oct. 13.—Private Wadsworth, a sentry of Company A, Eighteenth Regiment, will have to stand trial in the Schuylkill County Courts on the charge of murdering William Durham, a deaf miner, at Shenandoah, on October 9.

The Coroner's jury this afternoon returned a verdict that the shooting was hasty and unavoidable.

District Attorney McLaughlin was informed of the verdict here this evening, and stated that he would at once take under consideration measures to secure the custody of Wadsworth.

It is anticipated that the military authorities will refuse to deliver Wadsworth up, but the civil authorities will proceed under the action of the United States laws which provides that when the Courts are open and in unobstructed exercise of their jurisdiction military officers cannot interfere, unless martial law is proclaimed.

The Record, October 14th, reports the death of Rudolph F. Stetler, aged 82 years, for many years a well-known citizen of Pottstown, Pa. He left four children, all deaf and dumb, two of them being also blind.

We are happy to report that Prof. F. W. Booth's condition has improved much during the past week. He is steadily gaining, and we hope, on the road to recovery.

The Silent Five, of New York, met more than their match in their contest with the Camden A. A., on Saturday evening last. The score was 35 to 11, in favor of the Camdens. We did not see the game, but others informed us that the playing of the hearing team was not precisely clean. We were also told that the Silent Five would not have come over to play, but for the fact that they owed it for one played with them. They, however, played well according to the verdict of deaf witnesses. A large crowd witnessed the game. Among them were a number of deaf, some of whom were: Messrs. George Cowan, Luke V. McGucken, James Wene, J. Chestnut, W. Savage, J. Rodgers, A. Michael, Joe Dougherty, Joe McEvilly, David McCaughy, William Aldridge, Joseph Mayer, Jr., Charles M. Pennell, Henry Blackensee, and Washington Houston.

Owing to the fact that the St. Ann's Hall was not yet completed, the Philadelphia Deaf players with Manager Cowan, went to see the game between the Camden Basketball Team and the Silent Five.

The manager of the Camden A. A., may have a chance to play with the Philadelphia Deaf Athletic Association.

The following is the schedule of the Philadelphia Deaf Athletic Association's first and second teams. October 25th, St. Simeon's, at St. Simeon's Hall, on Lehigh Avenue between Hutchinson and Ninth; October 29th, on Wednesday, Boys' Club, at Boys' Club Hall, at corner Howard and Somerset Streets.

## CONNECTICUT.

The trolleys will be soon running to Stamford from New York.

Mrs. J. F. Frelliek, of Stamford, Conn., enjoyed her visit immensely for a week at Mr. James Bartlett's in North Guilford, Conn. The scenery of the most wonderful mountainous hills was grand there. She never saw very beautiful views in her life as she did there. Rev. Collins Stone, the late principal, and Mrs. White, the late matron, both of the Hartford school, were born not far from Mr. Bartlett's.

Miss Lizzie Green, of the Hartford school, spent a few weeks at Mr. Bartlett's, and accompanied by Mrs. Bartlett visited Mr. and Mrs. Frelliek two days. They called on Mrs. Marling, in Greenwich, and Mr. Abe Marshall's family in Portchester with Mrs. Frelliek.

Mr. and Mrs. Frelliek and Mrs. Witmeyer attended St. Ann's Church, New York, last Sunday. Mr. Keiser's sermon about Genesis was very fine, though short. Mrs. Frelliek and Mrs. Witmeyer made a shopping tour all day in New York on Monday. Mr. Witmeyer was prevented going with them by a bad cold. Mr. Frelliek went home Sunday night.

## PROCTOR'S THEATRES.

Week of October 27.

"The Bells," will be a special scenic production at the 58th Street theatre, by the permanent stock company, with Edna Archer Crawford in the leading role. Vaudeville between the acts.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Hoyt's "A Texas Steer," with Florence Reed as "Bossy," Gus Weinberg as "Maverick Brander," and other artists of note will be in the cast. The usual allotment of good vaudeville.

At the Twenty-third Street Theatre, an unusually fine bill of vaudeville, will supplement the mystifying novelty, Phroso, the mechanical doll.

With Adelaide Kleim and Ned Fowler in the leading roles, in "The Power of the Press," the 125th Street Theatre will entrance and thrill and amuse the always large audiences. Vaudeville of a refined character between the acts.

Japanese are always buried with their heads to the north. Consequently no Japanese will sleep in a bed lying north or south.

The largest wooden statue in the world is to be seen in Tokio, Japan. It is 54 feet high and the head will hold twenty people.

## OHIO.

### Wedding Bells Ring Out in Chorus.

#### DEAF MAN'S ENTERPRISE.

#### Foot Ball—News Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

On Thursday noon this week, two hearts were made to beat as one by the union of Mr. Frank Jones, of Columbus, and Miss Grace Albright, of Arcanum, both graduates of the Ohio Institution for the education of the deaf and dumb. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride in the above town, and was performed by the young lady's father, who is a minister. The affair was private, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties witnessing it. Mr. Jones, accompanied by his two sisters, and Miss Nora Patterson, left here Wednesday for the nuptials. After the knot was tied, a wedding dinner was partaken of, after which the happy couple went to Indianapolis on their honeymoon. They will return to this city next Tuesday, and until Spring, will make their home with Mr. Jones' sister. The bride received a number of pretty and useful presents from friends, and we join them in extending congratulations, and a pleasant voyage over life's tumultuous sea.

We are requested to state in the JOURNAL that Miss Mary Brown, who was married to Mr. McCarthy, on June 4th last. Mr. McCarthy is a hearing man while his bride is deaf. She attended school at the Ohio Institution for a while, and latter that of the Catholic deaf-mute school in St. Louis, Missouri. They have gone to housekeeping on Mount Street, between Sixth and Fifth Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

There is another wedding on the tapis for this month. Mr. Charles E. Kaylor, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, and Miss Daisy Siders, of Van Wert, have announced their intentions to join their hands and hearts. Mr. Lee W. Harrington, of Cleveland, has been with a relative in Columbus this week, and found time to mingle some with the Institution folks. He is engaged in the distributing, sampling and sign tacking business. Here is his card.

LEE W. HARRINGTON, Advertising Agent and Distributor for Northern Ohio. Office, 320 Prospect St., Cleveland.

This is no company. I am always on the spot to help and direct the work. No throwing on porches or such wasting methods. The same applies to all out of town work. Lowest rates and best of references. Honesty and fair dealing, my motto.

He was down in Cincinnati last week on business, and leaves for his home to-morrow.

Mrs. A. H. Schory left Wednesday for a visit to her home near Cincinnati, Ohio.

Superintendent Jones was over in Steubenville on Tuesday noon to yesterday, attending the annual meeting of the Ohio Presbyterian Synod as a layman. He is an Elder of the Central Presbyterian Church, and he was one of the delegates to represent the Columbus Presbytery at the meeting.

Communion Service was held at the Central Presbyterian Church last Sunday. Among the persons admitted to membership on the occasion, were Misses Lillian and Bessie McFadden. The other deaf communicants present were Clifford Rose and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener. Miss May Greener did the interpreting.

The Second Division of the Ladies' Aid Society has found it necessary to abandon its purpose of giving "The Chaperon" as an entertainment on November 1st. Something else will be substituted at a later date.

The first football contest on the Institution grounds came off last Saturday forenoon, between the Independents and the second team of the Ohio Medical University. It was a spirited contest and both sides were well represented with rooters to applaud good plays of their respective teams. The result was 0 to 0. The line up was as follows:

D. and D.	POSITION	O. M. U.
Case	Right End	Whetstone
Zimmerman	Right Tackle	Foris
Bowman	Right Guard	Seller
Steele	Centre	Garber
Arras	Left Guard	Paisley
Connolly	Left Tackle	Hardisty
Dick	Left End	Old
Hinch	Quarterback	Ernst
Romoer	Left Halfback	Montgomery
Robinson	Right Halfback	Anderson
Mayer	Fullback	Richardson

Mrs. Pearlina McClannahan, who, for a number of years, has been employed in the State Bindery, suffered the loss, through a sneak thief, of twenty-five dollars last Wednesday evening. She had been laid off during the day, and on returning home in the evening placed her wages with some other money in all, twenty-five dollars, which she intended to put in bank

next day, on a shelf. While she was in another room, she claims a colored man entered the house, and after he had gone, she found later that her money had taken flight too. The matter was reported to the police.

Miss Minnie Foster was up in Toledo, last Sunday on a visit to her mother.

Mr. A. H. Schory went up to the Home last Sunday, and conducted a service for the inmates, all of whom are well except Mrs. Beuchat, who is in her eighty-third year. From Mr. Schory we learn that a carpenter was recently secured and the contemplated porch for the main building is going up, and will soon be a fixed fact as well as a pleasure and comfort for the people there.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ohlemacher arrived in the city yesterday, to stay for the rest of the school term, and will both be busy for the next two weeks "fixing up" their rented abode.

Ray Black, of Ada, came down to the Institution, Thursday, for a few days' mingling with old associates. He is given work by a Steam Heating Company of his town, but just now, there is little for him to do. Probably coal is too high to make heating profitable.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill, of Taylorstown, Pa., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Frazier, of Brookville, and Miss Sarah Cottrill, of Blaine, on the 4th and 5th insts.

Mrs. Collins Sawhill, of Bradock, Pa., will be in Belleaire soon, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett.

Wilbur Alexander recently called at the homes of Mr. Wesley Frazier and Miss Sarah Cottrill. Claiming to be a deaf-mute, but could only spell on his fingers. This must be the same Alexander who tried to gain admission into the school here a few weeks ago. Wonder if he is not palming himself off as a mute?

Charles Halterman has returned to the Romney, West Virginia, School for the Deaf. For the past year, he has been kneading the staff of life in a bakery at Hamilton, Ohio.

The Riverside Tube Mill, at Benwood, West Virginia, closed down last week, to undergo needed repairs. Mr. James Boyd, an employee therein, was forced to a vacation in the mean time.

Oct. 18-'02. A. B. G.

#### DeKolta is a Wonderful Magician.

The Eden Musee has had many novel attractions during the past twenty years but none have attracted so much wonder as the performances of DeKolta, the King of Magicians, who is at the Musee for an extended period. DeKolta is a Frenchman about fifty years old. He is quiet, modest and gentlemanly. He is quick at repartee and full of humor. Often he has to laugh at the wonder his mysteries created. His exhibition lasts over an hour and comprises a rapid succession of different feats. A few of them are of the kind ordinarily performed by magicians, but they are done in such a clever manner that they possess new novelty. But the major part of the work of DeKolta is confined to illusions and displays of magic that seem incredible. It is almost impossible to describe what he does for there seemingly is no explanation. Visitors sit in wonderment. For instance with his sleeve rolled to the shoulder exposing his arm, he will reach out his hand and keep dropping coins or flowers sufficient to fill a bushel basket and all the time his hand never leaves its outstretched position. He even walks among the audience and drops them souvenirs from the same hand and finally throws out bundles and packages. His illusions in which he makes his wife appear from a small handbag and then disappear as quickly, has found no explanation. In New York City there are hundreds of amateur magicians and they have taken up DeKolta.

Every evening there are many of these present all striving to find out how he does some of his tricks. But so far they have ascertained nothing. Even the employees of the Musee have made every effort to find out, but nothing is revealed and the management is in as much doubt as any one else. The other day one visitor asked to see DeKolta, and offered him \$1,000 to explain an illusion to him.

DeKolta replied, "Non, it sees magic, not tricks." DeKolta appears each evening at nine o'clock and on Saturday at a Matinee. At the other hours during the day and evening the Winter Garden has a host of attractions in the shape of new moving pictures, which are almost as mysterious as DeKolta's performances. The afternoon and evening concerts have choice programmes and the wax work collection has many additions.

The largest geyser in the world is at Rotomabana, in New Zealand. Its area is just an acre, and its spouts rise to 300 feet.

In a hurricane blowing at eighty miles an hour the pressure on each square foot of surface is three and one-half pounds.

Beautifully clean streets and clear air have been obtained at Mandalay by sprinkling the roads with oil instead of water.

## JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Johnstown has been having a small pox scare, and in consequence nearly everybody is being vaccinated. In talking of vaccination with several of the deaf here, one of them began to expound the virtues pro and con and added that he remembered when he was a small boy, of seeing a cow with a rag around her tail. The farmer to whom he inquired as to the cause, told him the cow was vaccinated. As we have no tails, we have to put up to the misery of sore arms. The disease is not spreading here, although every precaution is being taken by the officials.

One of our ladies, in speaking of cooking recounted for our benefit, one of her early efforts. When she was a young miss in her teens, she set about to make some cookies. In mixing up the compound she was puzzled as how to get the color her mother had in hers. After thinking and reasoning with herself she concluded that corn meal was the proper thing, so she proceeded and baked a batch. When her fond mother returned she called her to sample her cooking. Her mother praised them from her point of vision, but when it came to tasting, that was another thing. As they could ill afford to waste flour, etc., they decided to eat them. Now whenever she sees corn meal, that cookie episode comes looming up before her.

The Johnstown Local Branch held a business meeting Oct. 18th, at the residence of S. H. Speck. Twenty members answered roll-call. Much business was discussed and acted upon, several projects planned for the coming winter. Three new members joined the P. S. A. D.

At the conclusion of business Chairman Brazil sprung a surprise on us all by inviting us all to ice cream, cake, and grapes, and an hour was spent in social intercourse. Thanks. The Bohemians were absent.

G. Warrington, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been working here since September 15th. He was unfortunate to contract malaria during his pilgrimage from Pittsburgh to here. He is obliged to lay off quite often on account of the ague, and is still under the doctor's care.

The Messrs. Morris and Robert Garbett, of Scranton, have been visitors to this city. They seem well pleased with the place and people. As the coal strike is ended they will be going back. Robert is employed at Altoona, Pa., at present.

John and Edith Yamoskey, new pupils from here, are now at the Western Pennsylvania school.

There are several children under age who are booked to enter when their time arrives.

November 1st, is the date set for a "Basket Party" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Clark, 183 Boyer Street. Come and have a pleasant evening, and be sure to bring your wad with you. All baskets will be sold at twenty-five cents, the proceeds to go to the Home Fund.

The ladies of the J. L. B. are to have a thimble party soon, and may make the affair a permanent factor for the benefit of the J. L. B. We regret that two of our active members were absent from the meeting.

We are eagerly waiting to hear of the Gallaudet Club's successful play at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

The woods are echoing the bang of the ardent sportsman's gun. He is out for everything in sight. None so far to the credit of the deaf here.

R. M. B.

#### Is he Deaf?

We remember seeing it stated in the last issue of the Rocky Mountain Leader in June, that Mr. L. A. Divine, at the time a teacher in the Montana School for the Deaf, but now in the Nebraska School, is a mason. If this is a fact, it will be of much interest to many other deaf men who have tried to obtain admittance to the great fraternity but have tried in vain—Companion.

It is a fact, all right, brother Smith.—Nebraska Journal.

Is Mr. L. A. Divine deaf? While a Tutor at Fanwood, we had the impression that he was only partly deaf.

#### An Adroit Answer.

The celebrated physician, Zimmerman, attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day, as the story is recorded in "Salad for the Social," the king said to him:

"You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world." This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."



Valuable Geographical Comparisons.

California is the second largest State.  
Nebraska is more than twice the size of Indiana.  
Texas is four times as large as the New England States.  
North and South Dakota are larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together.  
Kentucky and Portugal are about the same size.  
California is nearly five times as large as Ireland.  
If all the people of Canada and the United States were placed in Texas, the number of people to the square mile would be fewer than at present in Canada.  
Colorado is as large as New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey together.  
It would take ten States as large as Massachusetts to make a State as large as Kansas.  
There are twenty-seven States and territories each larger than New York.  
Massachusetts is smaller than New Hampshire or Vermont.  
Minnesota is twice the size of Ohio.  
The three States bordering on the Pacific are larger than the thirteen bordering on the Atlantic.  
Montana is thirty times as large as Connecticut.  
Iowa is five times as large as Belgium, and four times as large as Denmark.  
Maryland and Switzerland are about the same size.  
Texas is as large as France, Holland and Belgium together.—*Ex.*

**Why a Bear has no Tail.**  
Far in the north they tell a story of why bears have no tails now. One cold morning a hungry bear wanted some fish. He did not know how to catch them. A fox came along. The bear told the fox he wanted some fish. The fox told the bear there was a hole in the ice on the river. The fox and the bear went together to the hole. The fox told the bear to sit on the edge of the hole and let his tail hang in the water. He said fish would bite the bear's tail and he could pull them out of the water and eat them. The bear did as the fox advised. It was very cold. Soon the ice froze over the hole. The bear's tail was frozen in the ice. When the bear stood up his tail broke off. That is why bears have no tails now. Do you think this story is true?—*Canadian Mite.*


**PP & Co.**

We're just a little ahead.  
Other clothes make good clothing—is there another that has a deaf-mute salesman.  
Mr. A. L. Thomas looks after our deaf friends; sells them anything man or boy wears.  
Clothing, fixings, hats and shoes.  
Fills mail-orders.  
ROGERS, PEET & COMPANY.

**Groups**  
OR SINGLE PICTURES  
with scenery, or house as background, a specialty.  
For particulars, write or call on  
JOHN L. CONNERTON,  
River, cor. Hoosick Street,  
TROY, N. Y.

**WANTED**  
A GIRL for General Housework, to go a short distance from New York. Address, stating wages. Mrs. H. Bettels, 27 Birch Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

**SUBSCRIBE**  
FOR THE  
Deaf-Mutes' Journal  
ONLY!  
\$1 a Year.



**THE REAL ESTATE OWNER**  
has the whole earth for a foundation to his fortune. Real Estate is the only permanent fortune. Real Estate, in a rapidly growing city, is a fortune that grows greater and greater all of the time and produces an income at the same time. Duluth is a rapidly growing city. The Howard Investment Company was incorporated in 1899, with an authorized capital of \$500,000, to acquire improved real estate in Duluth. That is the only kind of real estate it owns or will own. Every investment made for the Company has the careful attention of its officers, who live in Duluth. The Company pays cash for all of its holdings. It has no indebtedness. By taking stock in the Howard Investment Company you are simply buying an interest in unencumbered improved real estate in Duluth, one of the most rapidly growing and promising cities in the United States.  
Preferred Stock is \$50 per share, 5 per cent. is guaranteed on this stock.  
Common Stock is \$25 per share. It will pay at least 6 per cent. from the start.  
For further particulars and a list of stockholders, address:  
**JAY COOKE HOWARD, Secretary.**  
**DULUTH, MINNESOTA.**



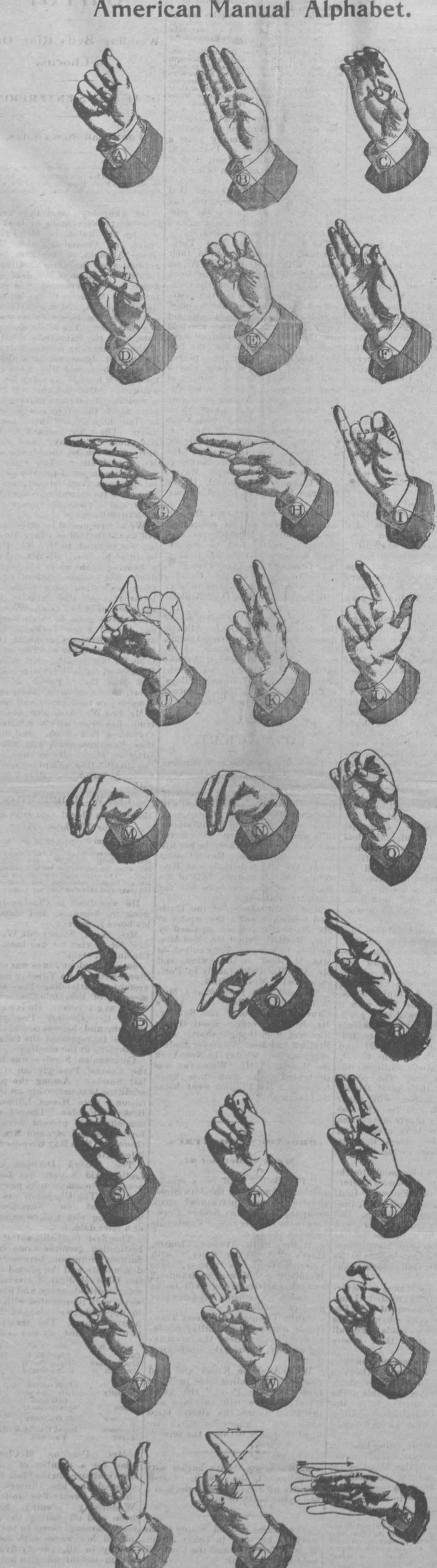
**CYKO Photo Paper**  
Prints at Night  
If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c. for one dozen 4 x 5 size with developer.  
**THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.**  
122 & 124 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.  
Atlas Block, cor. Randolph and Wabash CHICAGO.

**Theo. I. Lounsbery**  
Book Job and Commercial Printer  
Convention Proceedings  
Institution Reports  
Institution Stationery  
Society and Church Work  
**208 East 59th St.,**  
**NEW YORK, N. Y.**  
ALPHABET CARDS.  
50 Cards, with name, .35  
100 " " " .50  
250 " " " 1.00  
50 Cards, without name .25  
100 " " " .40  
200 " " " .75  
EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.  
50 Cards (no alphabets). 40  
100 " " " .60  
Cash in advance. Stamps accepted.  
Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries or for sample.

**Photographs**  
**BUFFALO 1901**  
Empire State Convention  
Teachers of the Deaf  
Supt's and Principals  
Platinum..... \$2.00  
Carbon..... 1.50  
Silver..... 1.2  
Sent on receipt of price.  
**PACH BROS.,**  
**935 B'way, New York.**

**Ranald Douglas.**  
General Landscape  
Photographer  
Railway Scenery a Specialty  
We also make  
Etchings on Copper  
and Zinc from our  
own Negatives only.  
**Livingston, N. J.**

**American Manual Alphabet.**



**DON'T FORGET THIS DATE**  
**A REWARD OF TEN THOUSAND**  
(thrills of joy)  
**WILL BE GIVEN TO EVERY PERSON ATTENDING THE**  
**PING-PONG BALL**  
GIVEN BY THE  
**Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club**  
TO BE HELD AT THE  
**MURRAY HILL LYCEUM**  
100-104 East 34th Street  
Bet. Lexington and 3d Aves.  
**Wednesday evening, Nov. 19, 1902.**  
(AT 8:30 P.M.)  
**Tickets, ..... Fifty Cents Each.**

**PING PONG SETS WILL BE GIVEN AWAY**  
**PING PONG SETS WILL BE GIVEN AWAY**  
**PING PONG SETS WILL BE GIVEN AWAY**  
For tickets apply to the Chairman.  
**ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE:**  
**E. C. ELSWORTH, Chairman.**  
239 West 138th Street.  
**WILLIAM LYNCH, V. DE P. KEELY,**  
**E. V. MOESLEIN, THEO. S. ROSE.**  
All cars direct to the Hall.

**BROOKLYN DEAF-MUTES' CLUB**  
**Theatrical**  
**Entertainment and Reception**  
First presentation of the side splitting farce,  
**"CASTON AND ALPHONSE mit de KATZEN-JAMMER KIDS," not forgetting der Ma.**  
Bound to be a howling success, And  
**BAG PUNCHING EXHIBITION BY MASTER GEO. VOERGER,**  
**THE FIVE-YEAR OLD PHENOMENON,**  
Other features to be presented on  
**Wednesday Evening, December 3, 1902**  
(Curtain raised at 8 o'clock sharp.)  
**At the PALM GARDEN** Hamburg and Greene Ave.  
**BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.**  
Largest hall in Brooklyn, contains the largest and best amateur stage in the country  
**TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS EACH.**  
**COMMITTEE:**  
**VINCENT DE P. KEELY, Chairman,**  
110 South First St., Brooklyn.  
**A. McLAREN, J. M. JACKSON, FRANK HAYDEN, W. H. FRICKEN.**

How to reach the Hall—From foot of Broadway, Brooklyn, take Hamburg Avenue car. This car passes hall. Ask to be let off at Greene Avenue. Or take Bushwick Avenue car, get off at Greene Avenue, and walk up the street one block to hall.  
From Bridge—Take Park Avenue car, get off at Greene Avenue, walk up that street one block to hall. Or take a Ridgewood Avenue train (Myrtle Avenue) to the Knickerbocker Avenue Station, walk one block to Greene Avenue, then up Greene Avenue one block to hall.

**Annual**  
**Entertainment and Reception**  
**of**  
**The League of Elect Surds**  
**Majestic Hall**  
**125th St. bet. Lexington & Park Aves.**  
**THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1903**  
**[PARTICULARS LATER]**